

Home Circle.

IT IS HOME WHERE MOTHER DWELLS.

Earth is home with all its beauty,
Flowers bloom and robins sing;
What can make the heart more buoyant
Than the glad some hours of spring?
Earth is home in bleakest weather,
Tho' the sky with clouds hang low;
Mother's smile illumines the darkness,
And her voice dispels all woe.

Earth is home, tho' time has claimed us,
And has marked our brows with care,
Tho' our eyes are dim with teardrops,
And our burdens hard to bear.
Tenderly we love to linger
By the form whose silver tongue
Whispers ever words of comfort,
That can keep the old heart young.

Heaven is home: the way is weary,
Tho' we've sunshine had with tears;
But the footsteps loiter trembling
On the road in after years.
Heaven is home; our eyes look upward,
To behold the gates so fair.
Mother's voice the clouds have rifted;
Heaven is home, for she is there.

O, the love we cherish ever,
That within each fond heart swells;
Tho' our path be filled with sorrow,
It is home where mother dwells.
Flowers fade and friends deceive us,
Partings follow sad farewells;
Up in heaven no shadows gather,
Heaven is home where mother dwells.

—Mrs. M. L. Condit.

FOR GIRLS.

Two young girls were talking over their experiences, as young girls do, and one narrated a little familiarity which she had permitted the lad to take with her. It was, perhaps, what some would think only a trifle, but it took a little of the delicate bloom from the modest reserve which a young girl should maintain, and her companion felt this.

"Fan," said she, earnestly, "didn't you tell your mother about that?"

"Of course not," answered Fan, promptly. "I wouldn't have mamma know it for the world. She would scold awfully. Would you have told your mother if it had happened to you?"

"Yes," answered Grace gravely; "I should."

Fan looked credulous. "Did you ever tell her anything like that?" she asked. "I don't suppose you ever flirted a particle."

Grace's sweet, honest face flushed. "I don't now," she answered, "and I don't think I ever shall again; but once, when I was away from mamma on a visit, I did some things that I knew were foolish, and I couldn't rest after I got home until I told her."

"Did she scold you?" asked the other curiously.

"No; mamma never scolds; but she talked to me, and now I know I never could behave like that again."

"Well," said Fanny, decidedly, "if my mother knew I had ever been the least bit flirty she would never trust me out of her sight with a young man again."

"My mother trusts me," said Grace, "just the same as ever, and I mean to deserve it."

I am very sure that the children who can go to father and mother not only with their joys and sorrows, but with their youthful faults and follies as well, knowing that the reproof, if it must be given, will be loving, knowing that they will be trusted to try again, will make the truest men and women.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

A FAMOUS MAN'S MOTHER.

I trace to my mother's direct influence three leading motives of her youngest son's life—the love of personal liberty, of religious freedom, and of the equality of the sexes. As to the more subtle and intimate influences, they ordinarily came by contact, not by preaching. She always maintained that the younger children of a large family had a much better chance for development than the elder, because they had more freedom to develop themselves. With her elder children she always said over conscientiousness almost bore her to the earth; she felt personally responsible for every childish fault. She had been reared in the school of Locke, which regarded the human soul as blank paper, on which parents and teacher did all the writing. But her children were of strong and varied individuality, and she learned in time to study the temperament of each and be patient with its unfolding. Her whole formula of training consisted in these three things; to retain the entire confidence of the child, to do whatever seemed wisest, and to be patient. Her trust in Providence was absolute and controlling, as was her sense of the personality of the Deity. * * * Most valuable of all her traits to her children, next to her quality of sunshine, was probably her absolute rectitude, the elevation of her whole tone, the complete unworldliness, so that no child of hers ever heard her refer to any standard but the highest. With all this was combined the conscientious accuracy in affairs, the exquisite nicety in all household details which belong to the best of the traditions of New England.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

THE COST OF A BOY.

It would be a good thing for all boys and girls, to get some idea—in real figures—of what their parents do for them. P. B. Fisk gives a lecture on the cost of a boy. He computes that at the age of fifteen a good boy, receiving the advantages of city life, will cost, counting compound interest on the sum invested, not less than \$5,000. At twenty-one he will not cost any more unless he goes to college, when he will cost nearly twice as much. A bad boy costs about \$10,000 at twenty-one, providing he does not go to college. If he does go, he costs as much more.

Mr. Fisk thinks that girls are nearly as expensive as boys. The computation, however, comprises only the pecuniary cost of raising a boy. The value of a mother's tears and the father's gray hairs are beyond the reach of figures to express. The money side is far the lesser of the two.

And when a man has put ten or twenty thousand dollars into a boy, what has he a right to expect of him? What is fair? Is it fair for the boy to work himself to death, to run, jump, play ball, or do anything in such a way as would disable him or break him down? Is it fair for him to despise his father and neglect his mother? Is it fair for him to ruin himself with drink, defile himself with tobacco, or stain himself with sin? Some of us have put about all our property into boys and girls; and if we lose them, we shall be poor indeed; while if they do well, we shall be repaid a hundredfold. Boys, what do you think about the matter?—*Scel.*

A BOY'S ALLOWANCE.

From very early years a boy should have a little money of his own, and learn how to save, and how to spend, and how to give away. The latter is the most important of the three, tho everybody does not know this. When a child goes to Sunday-school, it ought not be his mother's or his father's penny or five cents which he drops into the missionary envelope, but his own money, appropriated by his own act. Unless a boy have a little money he can neither save, spend, nor give it away. From the small weekly amount given the very little boy, to the larger sum bestowed on the student at college, the steps may be slow, but the lesson all along will be the same—responsibility for the right use of means.—*Scel.*

—The Americans competed in the gymnastic exhibition at Athens, Greece, on the rings, parallel bars, horse leaping, and team work, which were the features of the Olympic games April 9.